

ARCADIA;

OR, THE

SHEPHERD'S WEDDING.

A

DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

WOMEN.

DAMETAS.

SYLVIA.

DAMON.

PHEBE.

PRIEST.

DELIA.

Arcadians, by the Singers, Dancers, and Comedians.

SCENE I. *A View of the Country.*

Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

CHORUS.

SHEPHERDS, buxom, blithe and free,
Now's the time for jollity.

SYLVIA.

AIR.

Hither haste, and bring along
Merry tale and jocund song.
To the pipe and tabor beat
Frolic measures with your feet.
Ev'ry gift of time employ;
Make the most of proffer'd joy.
Pleasure hates the scanty rules
Portion'd out by dreaming fools.

CHORUS.

Shepherds, buxom, blithe and free,
Now's the time for jollity.

[A Dance of Shepherds, &c.]

SYLVIA.

RECITATIVE.

Rejoice, ye happy swains, rejoice;
It is the heart that prompts the voice.
Be sorrow banish'd far away;
Thyrsis shall make it holiday.
Who at his name can joy suppress!
Arcadia born to rule and bless.

DAMON.

And hark! from rock to rock the sound
Of winding horn, and deep-mouth'd hound,
Breaking with rapture on the ear,
Proclaims the blithsome Phebe near:
See where she hastes with eager pace,
To speak the joys that paint her face.

SCENE II.

Opens to a Prospect of Rocks.

Huntsmen, Huntresses, &c. coming down from them.

PHEBE.

Hither I speed with honest glee,
Such as befits the mind that's free;

A

Your cheerful troop, blithe youth, to join,
And mix my social joys with thine.
Now may each nymph, and frolic swain,
O'er mountain steep, or level plain,
Court buxom health, while jocund horn
Bids echo wake the sluggish morn.

AIR.

When the morning peeps forth, and the zephyr's
cool gale,
Carries fragrance and health over mountain and dale;
Up, ye nymphs, and ye swains, and together we'll
rove,
Up hill, down the valley, by thicket or grove:
Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the
hounds.

Let the wretched be slaves to ambition and wealth;
All the blessing we ask, is the blessing of health.
So shall innocence self give a warrant to joys
No envy disturbs, no dependence destroys.
Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the
hounds.

O'er hill, dale, and woodland, with rapture we
roam;
Yet returning, still find the dear pleasures at home;
Where the cheerful good-humour gives honesty
grace,
And the heart speaks content in the smiles of the
face.
Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the
hounds.

[A Dance of Huntsmen and Huntresses.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Small care, my friends, your youth annoys,
Which only looks to present joys.

SYLVIA.

Though the white locks of silver'd age,
And long experience hail thee sage;
Ill suits it, in this joy, to wear
A brow so over-hung with care.
Better with us thy voice to raise,
And join a whole Arcadia's praise.

DAMÆTAS.

With you I joy that Thyrsis reigns
The guardian o'er his native plains:
But praise is scanty to reveal
The speaking blessings all must feel.

DAMON.

True, all must feel—but thankless too?
Nor give to virtue, virtue's due?
My grateful heart shall ever shew
The debt I need not blush to owe.

AIR.

That I go where I list, that I sing what I please,
That my labour's the price of contentment and
ease,
That no care from abroad my retirement annoys,
That at home I can taste the true family joys,
That my kids wanton safely o'er meadows and rocks,
That my sheep graze secure from the robber or fox;

These are blessings I share with the rest of the
swains,
For it's Thyrsis who gave them, and Thyrsis
maintains.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Perish my voice, if e'er I blame
Thy duty to our guardian's name!
His active talents I revere,
But eye them with a jealous fear.
Intent to form our bliss alone,
The generous youth forgets his own;
Nor e'er his busy mind employs
To find a partner of his joys.
So might his happy offspring own
The virtues which their sire hath shewn.

AIR.

With joy the parent loves to trace
Resemblance in his children's face;
And as he forms their docile youth,
To walk the steady paths of truth,
Observes them shooting into men,
And lives in them life o'er again.

While active sons, with eager flame,
Catch virtue at their father's name;
When full of glory, full of age,
The parent quits this busy stage,
What in the sons we most admire,
Calls to new life the honour'd sire.

SYLVIA.

RECITATIVE.

O, prudent sage, forgive the zeal
Of thoughtless youth. With thee I feel,
The glories now Arcadia shares
May but embitter future cares.

Oh, mighty Pan! attend Arcadia's voice,
Inspire, direct, and sanctify his choice.

AIR.

So may all thy Sylvan train,
Dryad nymph, and rustic faun,
To the pipe and merry strain,
Trip it o'er the russet lawn.
May no thorn or bearded grass
Hurt their footsteps as they pass,
Whilst in gambols round and round
They sport it o'er the shaven ground.

Though thy Syrinx, like a dream,
Flying at the face of day,
Vanish'd in the limpid stream,
Bearing all thy hopes away,
If again thy heart should burn,
In caressing,
Blest, and blessing,
May'st thou find a wish'd return.

CHORUS.

O, mighty Pan! attend Arcadia's voice,
Inspire, direct, and sanctify his choice.

[A Dance of Huntsmen and Huntresses.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Peace, shepherds, peace! with jocund air,
Which speaks a heart unknown to care,
Young Delia hastes. The glad surprize
Of rapture flashing from her eyes.

Enter DELIA.

DELIA.

AIR.

Shepherds, shepherds, come away;
Sadneis were a fin to-day
Let the pipe's merry notes aid the skill of the
voice;
For our wishes are crown'd, and our hearts shall
rejoice.
Rejoice, and be glad;
For sure he is mad
Who, where mirth and good-humour, and har-
mony's found,
Never catches the smile, nor lets pleasure go round.
Let the stupid be grave,
'Tis the voice of the slave;
But can never agree
With a maiden like me,
Who was born in a country that's happy and free.

DAMETAS.

RECITATIVE.

What means this rapture, Delia? shew
Th' event our bosoms burn to know.

DELIA.

Now as I trod yon verdant side,
Where Ladon rolls its silver tide,
All gaily deck'd in gorgeous state,
Sail'd a proud barge, of richest freight:
Where sat a nymph, more fresh and fair
Than blossoms which the morning air
Steals perfume from; the modest grace
Of maiden blush bespread her face.

Hither it made, and on this strand
Pour'd its rich freight for shepherds' land.
Ladon, for this, smooth flow thy tide!
The precious freight was Thyrsis' bride.

DAMETAS.

RECITATIVE.

Stop, shepherds, if aright I hear,
The sounds of joy proclaim them near:
Let's meet them, friends, I'll lead the way;
Joy makes me young again to-day.

S C E N E III.

*A View of the Sea, with the Vessel at a Distance.
Here follows a Pastoral Procession to the Wedding
of Thyrsis.*

PRIEST.

RECITATIVE.

Mighty Pan! with tender care,
View this swain and virgin fair;
May they ever thus impart
Just return of heart for heart.
May the pledges of their bliss
Climb their knees to share the kiss.
May their steady blooming youth,
While they tread the paths of truth,
Virtues catch from either side,
From the bridegroom and the bride.

CHORUS.

May their steady blooming youth,
While they tread the paths of truth,
Virtues catch from either side,
From the bridegroom and the bride.



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